MARVEL KNIGHTS

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MARVEL PSR 1

MARK MILLAR • TERRY DODSON • RACHEL DODSON

SPIDER-MAN®

HEY, YOU SEE THAT LEGALLY BLONDE 2 YET?
NAH, THAT'S A CHICK-FLICK, RIGHT? I DON'T WATCH CHICK-FLICKS.
MAN, THAT AIN'T NO CHICK-FLICK. I THOUGHT I WAS GONNA DIE LAUGHING AT THAT LAST NIGHT. I GOTTA GIVE YOU THE DVD BEFORE WE TAKE IT BACK TO THE STORE, MAN.
AH, I NEVER GOT INTO THE WHOLE DVD THING.
YOU SERIOUS?
'COURSE I'M SERIOUS.
WHY THE HECK SHOULD YOU PAY AN EXTRA TEN BUCKS FOR A MOVIE THAT COST HALF AS MUCH TO PACK AND HALF AS MUCH TO SHIP AS AN OLD VHS TAPE, MAN?
I DUNNO. PICTURE QUALITY? EXTRAS?
EXIT
DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT EXTRAS-- YOU REALLY THINK I NEED A VOICE-OVER FROM SOME HOLLYWOOD COKE-HEAD TELLING US WHAT HE REALLY MEANT THE MOVIE TO BE ABOUT?
DVD'S GOTTA BE THE BIGGEST SCAM SINCE THEY TOLD US ALL TO MAKE THE SWITCH FROM VINYL TO COMPACT DISCS, MAN. THERE'S GONNA BE A BACKLASH HERE. I CAN SMELL IT.
AH, THE ONLY THING YOU CAN SMELL IS YESTERDAY'S CALZONE, BUDDY. YOU EVER THINK TO EMPTY THE TRASH BEFORE YOU LOCK UP AT NIGHT?

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN
PART ONE OF FOUR

BEAUTIFUL.
YOU GONNA HAVE TO CALL THE COPS AGAIN, MARIO. WE GOT ANOTHER PSYCHO SLEEPIN' IN THE TRASH...
WHAT'S HE SAYING? HE TRYING TO TALK UNDER THAT MASK?
AH, WHO CARES? I THINK HE'S MUMBLING SOMETHING, BUT HE'S TOTALLY OUT OF IT, MAN. YOU'D BETTER NOT TOUCH HIM IN CASE HE'S SOME KINDA JUNKIE.
GET BACK IN THE STORE. CLOSE THE DOORS...
WHAT?
I THINK HE'S TRYING TO WARN YOU ABOUT SOMETHING...

GO!

For a fraction of a second, I wonder what NORMAL people do on Sunday mornings.
BIG, DEEP BREATH, PARKER...
Are they blinking at their radio-alarms? Are they huzzling into their wives? Are they having their ribs broken by some old friend of the family dressed up in a rubber costume?
Or is that just ME?

Four hours ago, this lunatic friend of the family was holding eighteen people hostage in a church and promising to GAS them unless his demands were met.
But he didn't want MONEY. Cash would be too OBVIOUS for a crowd-pleaser like the
GREEN GOBLIN.
GAH!
Likewise, DRUGS, HELICOPTERS and SOUTH AMERICAN PASSPORTS...
What he WANTED was me on live television, sticking a STEAK-KNIFE in my stomach and forfeiting my guts for the benefit of the GREAT AMERICAN PUBLIC.
Naturally, I didn't COMPLY and, well...

We've been breaking each other's bones ever since.
STRIKE!
WHO'S YOUR DADDY NOW, MISTER OSBORN?
HRAGGH!
WHO'S YOUR DADDY NOW, HUH?
So much for this TRUCE we were supposed to have going. So much for this STALEMATE we agreed upon.
"I got BORED," he whined with the biggest grin a human face could ever pull. "Life's a drag unless I'm pounding your head, little Parker."
SOMETHING HEAVY, SOMETHING HEAVY, SOMETHING HEAVY...
THE MAILBOX, SPIDER-MAN! HIT HIM WITH THE MAILBOX!

NGAH!
OOH.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN "OOH"? IF I HADN'T HIT HIM WITH SOMETHING BIG AND HEAVY, HE'D HAVE *KILLED* EVERYBODY!
HEY, TAKE IT EASY! I'M NOT *JUDGING* YOU OR ANYTHING, MAN. ALL I'M SAYING IS YOU COULD'A KNOCKED HIM OUT WITHOUT *BRAIN-DAMAGING* THE GUY.
YOU! GET AWAY FROM THE *PUMPKINS!* THOSE ARE HIS *HOMEMADE* BOMBS!
WHAT?
OH MY GOD!

MAN, WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU? I *TOLD* YOU NOT TO TOUCH THAT...
YOU GOTTA FLY ME TO A *HOSPITAL*, SPIDER-MAN. I GOT...I GOT...I GOT ALL THE LITTLE *BITS* STUCK IN MY LEG AND THEY FEEL LIKE FRIGGIN' *RAZOR-BLADES*, MAN...
BUT I *CAN'T* FLY. GOD, I CAN HARDLY EVEN *WALK* AFTER THE KICKING THAT IDIOT GAVE ME. MAYBE SOMEBODY COULD USE THEIR CELL-PHONE AND CALL AN *AMBULANCE* OR SOMETHING?
FORGET THE AMBULANCE. I'M CALLING THE COPS ON YOU *AND* YOUR STUPID FRIEND, SPIDER-MAN...
WHAT?
HEY! S'OKAY! CANCEL THE CALL, MAN! HERE THEY COME--*RIGHT ON TIME* FOR A CHANGE!
NOT SUCH A SMART-GUY *NOW*, SPIDER-MAN. NOT SUCH A SMART-GUY WHEN THEY THROW YOU IN *JAIL*, HUH?
SWEAR TO GOD THAT LUNATIC'S *BRAIN-DAMAGED* THIS POOR GUY.
HEY! WHERE'D HE GO?

Believe it or not, this all started out as a nice Chinese meal and my wife and I helping my aunt MOVE HOUSE...
OH MY GOD. THERE HE IS OUTSIDE NOW AND LOOKING LIKE A DOG'S BREAKFAST.
AUNT MAY, CAN YOU HELP ME OUT WITH A LITTLE MONEY FOR THE CAB? I THINK I LOST MY WALLET SOMEWHERE AND THIS GUY SAYS HE NEEDS THIRTY-FIVE BUCKS.
OH, PETER. I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU'D ALWAYS CALL IN SITUATIONS LIKE THIS. MARY JANE AND I WERE WORRIED SICK. WE DIDN'T KNOW IF YOU WERE ALIVE OR DEAD.
JEEZ, TIGER. YOU'RE CRAZY, YOU KNOW THAT?
IS IT TRUE WHAT THEY SAID ON THE NEWS? IS IT TRUE YOU FINALLY GOT OSBORN BUSTED?
KITCHEN. SORRY, NEED TO GET TO THE KITCHEN...
WHAT?
KHUURRKK!!

OH, GOD. IS IT BAD? SHOULD WE TAKE HIM TO THE HOSPITAL?
NO, IT'S OKAY. HE'S TOUGHER THAN HE LOOKS. ALL HE NEEDS IS SOME PAIN-KILLERS AND A CHANCE TO LET HIS BODY FIX ITSELF UP AGAIN. WHAT'S THE STRONGEST THING YOU'VE GOT?
UM, I THINK I'VE GOT SOME TYLENOL IN HERE, BUT I COULD RUN DOWN TO THE DRUGSTORE IF HE NEEDS ANYTHING STRONGER.
NO, JUST GIVE ME THE TYLENOL. TYLENOL'S FINE, BUT I'M GOING TO NEED A DOZEN OF THEM. I ALWAYS NEED HALF THE BOTTLE WHEN IT'S THIS BAD.
BUT IT SAYS ON THE BOTTLE YOU'RE ONLY SUPPOSED TO TAKE *TWO* EVERY *FOUR HOURS*.
IT'S OKAY, MAY. HE KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING. IT'S LIKE THIS ALMOST EVERY OTHER NIGHT, TO BE HONEST. ANYTHING LESS AND HE DOESN'T GET ANY EFFECT AT ALL.
GOD, OSBORN REALLY DID A NUMBER ON YOU LAST NIGHT, HUH? WHAT ARE THOSE BIG MARKS ON YOUR SIDE? IT LOOKS LIKE AN *ANIMAL* BIT YOU OR SOMETHING?
NO, NORMAN'S JUST GOT PRETTY BIG *TEETH*, MARY JANE...
OH, *DON'T*, PETER. I KNOW I CAN'T STOP YOU FROM GETTING *INTO* THESE FIGHTS, BUT I DON'T WANT TO SEE WHAT THEY'RE *DOING* TO YOU OUT THERE.
IT SAID ON THE NEWS THAT PSYCHOPATH HAD EIGHTEEN HOSTAGES TIED UP IN TRINITY *CHURCH*. YOU MANAGE TO SAVE THEM ALL?
YEP.
EVEN THE LITTLE GIRL HE HAD HANG NG OFF THAT BIG *CHURCH BELL*?
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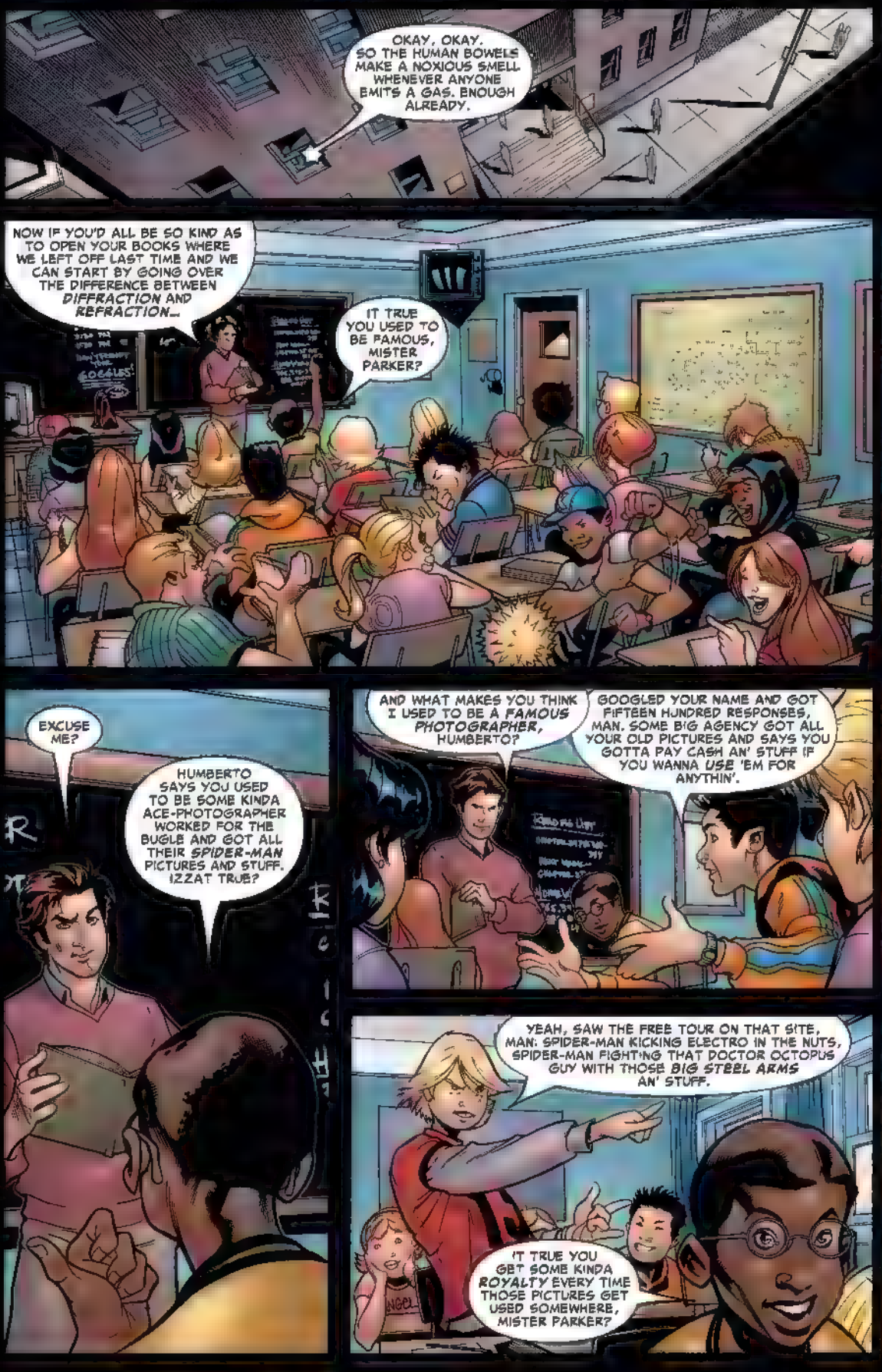
YEAH, BUT I THINK I MIGHT'VE DISLOCATED MY SHOULDER WHEN I SWUNG DOWN TO CATCH HER. IT REALLY HURTS WHEN I TRY TO MAKE A FIST.
I LOVE YOU, YOU KNOW THAT? YOU DRIVE ME OUT OF MY MIND, BUT I JUST ABSOLUTELY LOVE YOU, PETER.
Oh, GOD. I FORGOT TO START THE VIDEOTAPE.
WHAT VIDEOTAPE?
CNN ALWAYS RUNS THE BEST HELICOPTER FOOTAGE AFTER A SUPER-VILLAIN ARREST AND THEY'LL BE RUNNING MISTER OSBORN NOW.
THEY'RE ALSO VERY GOOD FOR EYEWITNESS TESTIMONIES. I LOVE TO HEAR WHAT PEOPLE SAY AFTER THEY'VE SEEN YOU FIGHTING.
LIVING ROOM
VIDEO TAPES
LIVING ROOM
BUT I THOUGHT YOU HATED ME DOING THIS STUFF?
Oh, I DO, BUT I'D HARDLY BE MUCH OF AN AUNT IF I DIDN'T TAPE MY FAMOUS NEPHEW FINALLY BRINGING DOWN HARRY'S OLD FATHER, NOW WOULD I?
HEY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THESE IRON MAN VIDEOS?
IRON MAN ARREST
IRON MAN ARREST
IT'S THAT LITTLE MOUSTACHE, SWEETIE. DON'T YOU THINK HE LOOKS JUST LIKE RONALD COLMAN?
CNN
RCA

I REALLY WISH YOU'D JUST HEAD HOME AND GET SOME REST, PETER. THE MOVERS CAN HELP ME BOX THIS STUFF UP.
NOT A CHANCE, AUNT MAY. I DON'T WANT STRANGERS TOUCHING ALL YOUR PRIVATE STUFF. HEY, IS THIS YOUR OLD ENGAGEMENT RING FROM DOCTOR OCTAVIUS?
Mmm. ANNA WATSON KEEPS SAYING I SHOULD AUCTION IT ON eBAY, BUT I THINK THAT WOULD BE SUCH A BETRAYAL OF TRUST, DON'T YOU THINK?
STORAGE
OH, YEAH. DOCTOR OCTOPUS BEING SUCH A SENSITIVE GUY...
IT'S STRANGE EVERYBODY KEPT TELLING ME TO MOVE WHEN BEN WAS KILLED, BUT I JUST COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT THEN.
THEY SAID EVERY TIME I WALKED INTO THE LIVING ROOM, I'D JUST SEE HIM LYING THERE BLEEDING ON THE CARPET, BUT THAT HONESTLY NEVER HAPPENED.
IF I WALKED INTO THE BEDROOM, I'D SEE HIM LYING ON THE COVERS LISTENING TO HIS RADIO.
IF I WALKED INTO THE KITCHEN, I'D SEE HIM SMOKING A CIGARETTE AND MAKING ONE OF HIS TERRIBLE POTATO OMELETTES...
LORD, IF I WALKED INTO THE BATHROOM I'D EVEN SEE HIM STANDING THERE DOING A PEE. REMEMBER HOW HE'D ALWAYS LEAVE THAT DAMN DOOR LYING OPEN?
YEAH.

NO, THE GOOD MEMORIES DEFINITELY OUTWEIGH THE BAD IN THIS HOUSE, I'M DELIGHTED TO SAY.
YOU SURE YOU WANT TO GO AHEAD WITH THE MOVE, AUNT MAY? I MEAN I COULD TALK TO THE LANDLORD AGAIN IF YOU'RE HAVING ANY SECOND THOUGHTS HERE...
NO, THIS PLACE SHOULD BE A FAMILY HOME AGAIN, PETER. I THINK IT'S TIME TO LET ANOTHER YOUNG COUPLE APPRECIATE THE OLD BRICKS AND MORTAR, DON'T YOU?
WELL, A MONTH FROM NOW YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO IMAGINE LIVING ANYWHERE BESIDES MANHATTAN, AUNT MAY.
THAT SAID, LIVING SO CLOSE TO ME AND MARY JANE MEANS YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO CLEAN UP THAT ACT OF YOURS, LITTLE LADY.
WH- WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
AS IN NO MORE DRUNKEN COLLEGE GUYS AT THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.
OH, PETER. WHAT KIND OF MEN WOULD BE INTERESTED IN AN OLD HAG LIKE ME?
IT'LL BE WEIRD TO FINALLY GIVE UP MY OLD ROOM, THOUGH. I NEVER ACTUALLY TOLD YOU THIS BEFORE, BUT I ALWAYS LOVED THE FACT YOU NEVER CHANGED A THING IN HERE.
ALL I HAD TO DO WAS WALK THROUGH THAT DOOR AND I COULD TRAVEL BACK TO A TIME WHEN MY BIGGEST WORRY WAS WAKING YOU UP AS I CRAWLED IN THE WINDOW.

YOU KNOW, I USED TO CHECK THE GLASS FOR FOOTPRINTS EVERY MORNING BEFORE I LEFT FOR SCHOOL? AND YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE THE MONEY I SPENT ON AIR-FRESHENER TO HIDE THE SMELL OF *WEB-FLUID*...
YOU'RE A VERY SPECIAL BOY, YOU KNOW THAT, PETER? THANK YOU FOR ASKING ME TO COME AND LIVE *BESIDE* YOU.
IT'S GONNA BE JUST LIKE THE *OLD* DAYS, AUNT MAY. BELIEVE ME, MOVING YOU INTO THIS NEW APARTMENT'S GONNA BE THE SMARTEST THING WE'VE DONE IN *YEARS*.


OKAY, OKAY. SO THE HUMAN BOWELS MAKE A NOXIOUS SMELL WHENEVER ANYONE EMITS A GAS. ENOUGH ALREADY.
NOW IF YOU'D ALL BE SO KIND AS TO OPEN YOUR BOOKS WHERE WE LEFT OFF LAST TIME AND WE CAN START BY GOING OVER THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN DIFFRACTION AND REFRACTION...
IT TRUE YOU USED TO BE FAMOUS, MISTER PARKER?
EXCUSE ME?
HUMBERTO SAYS YOU USED TO BE SOME KINDA ACE-PHOTOGRAPHER WORKED FOR THE BUGLE AND GOT ALL THEIR SPIDER-MAN PICTURES AND STUFF. IZZAT TRUE?
AND WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I USED TO BE A FAMOUS PHOTOGRAPHER, HUMBERTO?
GOOGLED YOUR NAME AND GOT FIFTEEN HUNDRED RESPONSES, MAN. SOME BIG AGENCY GOT ALL YOUR OLD PICTURES AND SAYS YOU GOTTA PAY CASH AN' STUFF IF YOU WANNA USE 'EM FOR ANYTHIN'.
YEAH, SAW THE FREE TOUR ON THAT SITE, MAN: SPIDER-MAN KICKING ELECTRO IN THE NUTS, SPIDER-MAN FIGHTING THAT DOCTOR OCTOPUS GUY WITH THOSE BIG STEEL ARMS AN' STUFF.
IT TRUE YOU GET SOME KINDA ROYALTY EVERY TIME THOSE PICTURES GET USED SOMEWHERE, MISTER PARKER?

UNFORTUNATELY, THAT'S NOT TRUE, FRANKLIN, AND TO BE HONEST, I DON'T THINK IT'S ANY OF YOUR BUSINESS EITHER.
THE HELL HE NEED A ROYALTY FOR, MAN? PARKER'S MARRIED TO A GODDAMN SUPERMODEL, JACKASS. GUY'S GOTTA BE A MILLIONAIRE.
HE AIN'T MARRIED TO MARY JANE NO MORE. IT SAID ON EW SHE MOVED TO L.A. TO KICK-START HER MOVIE CAREER.
Nah, THAT WAS JUST A TRIAL SEPARATION AND THE MOVIE STUFF ALL FELL THROUGH. SHE'S BACK LIVING WITH MISTER PARKER AND THEY GOT A PLACE UPTOWN.
PARDON ME FOR INTERRUPTING, BUT DO YOU PEOPLE ALWAYS RUN A BACKGROUND CHECK ON YOUR NEW TEACHERS?
Oh, YEAH. LONELY TEACHERS LOOKIN' FOR A DATE IS A REAL SCREAM TOO, BUT WHAT YOU REALLY GOTTA SEE IS THE FREAKY PICS MISTER MARSH PUT UP ON ONE OF THOSE...
4TH PERIOD
TELEPHONE CALL FOR YOU, MISTER PARKER.
THANK YOU, MISTER MARSH.
CITY COUNCIL ON THE LINE AND IT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE JURY DUTY, BUDDY.

I WISH I COULD SAY THIS KIND OF THING WAS *RARE*, SIR, BUT I'M AFRAID THESE RANDOM ACTS OF *VANDALISM* HAPPEN MORE OFTEN THAN ANYONE WOULD CARE TO ADMIT.
THAT SAID, IT IS UNUSUAL FOR KIDS TO JUST SINGLE OUT ONE SPECIFIC HEADSTONE LIKE THIS. IT'S PROBABLY JUST A *ROTTEN FLUKE* THIS TURNED OUT TO BE YOUR FATHER'S BURIAL PLOT.
UNCLE.
WHAT?
[redacted] WAS MY UNCLE. I NEVER ACTUALLY *KNEW* MY REAL FATHER. HE DIED WHEN I WAS JUST A LITTLE KID.
UH, WELL, AT LEAST YOU KNOW ALL THIS IS NOTHING *PERSONAL*, SIR. I MEAN, WHOEVER DID THIS WAS PROBABLY STILL MESSING HIS *DIAPERS* WHEN YOUR UNCLE WAS UP AND AROUND.
HAS ANYONE CONTACTED MY *AUNT*?
ACTUALLY, WE *TRIED* TO CALL MRS. PARKER BEFORE WE CALLED YOUR SCHOOL, BUT THE OPERATOR SAID SHE'D JUST MOVED INTO THE CITY AND THE PHONE LINE HADN'T BEEN INSTALLED YET.
DO YOU MAYBE HAVE A *CELL-PHONE NUMBER...?*
JUST A SECOND. THIS IS PROBABLY HER *NOW...*

AUNT MAY?
NOT EVEN CLOSE, SPIDER-MAN...
NICE JOB FINALLY BRINGING IN THE GREEN GOBLIN, BY THE WAY, BUT HOW MUCH OF A NERVE DOES THAT SHYSTER HAVE CHARGING YOU WITH AGGRAVATED ASSAULT, HUH?
YOU KNOW SOCIETY'S GOING DOWN THE DRAIN WHEN THEY CAN'T EVEN TELL BETWEEN DERANGED CRIMINAL SOCIOPATHS AND ALTRUISTIC SUPER-HOBBYISTS.
I'M SORRY. I THINK YOU'VE MADE A MISTAKE HERE...
OH, PLEASE. LET'S BE ADULTS ABOUT THIS, PARKER. WASN'T DEFILING YOUR UNCLE'S GRAVE ENOUGH? DO I REALLY HAVE TO DO SOMETHING TRULY AWFUL HERE?
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
I JUST WANT YOU TO REALIZE HOW BAD THINGS CAN GET VERY, VERY QUICKLY WHEN SOMETHING AS SIMPLE AS YOUR REAL NAME FALLS INTO THE WRONG HANDS, SPIDER-MAN.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
CARE FOR A WHEATCAKE, SWEETIE?

MISTER PARKER?
IS EVERYTHING OKAY, SIR?
I'M SORRY. I'VE JUST HAD A FAMILY EMERGENCY AND I'VE...
SORRY.
LISTEN, NO GOOD MOANING TO ME ABOUT IT, LADY. NOT A LOT I CAN DO IF THE AVENGERS ARE TRYING TO TAKE DOWN SOME CLOWN UP ON THE LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY.
RADIO SAYS ALL ROADS ARE CLOSED FROM...
WHUMP!
JUDAS H. PRIEST!
2950
5K58
WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?

Spider-sense tingles as a thousand pair of eyes catch a glimpse of me in street-clothes, but there isn't time to give a damn.
Just have to hope I'm flea-jumping around too fast to be anything more accurate than average height, average build and brown hair at the worst.
For a fraction of a second, I wonder what OTHER people get called at work for?
Their APARTMENT got flooded? Their kid got sick at SCHOOL? Their secret identity's just been figured out by a guy with a voice like CUT GLASS?

Or is that just ME again?
Please don't let me be too late. Please don't let it be my fault that another one of my family is lying there twitching and shivering on the CARPET.
AUNT MAY!

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